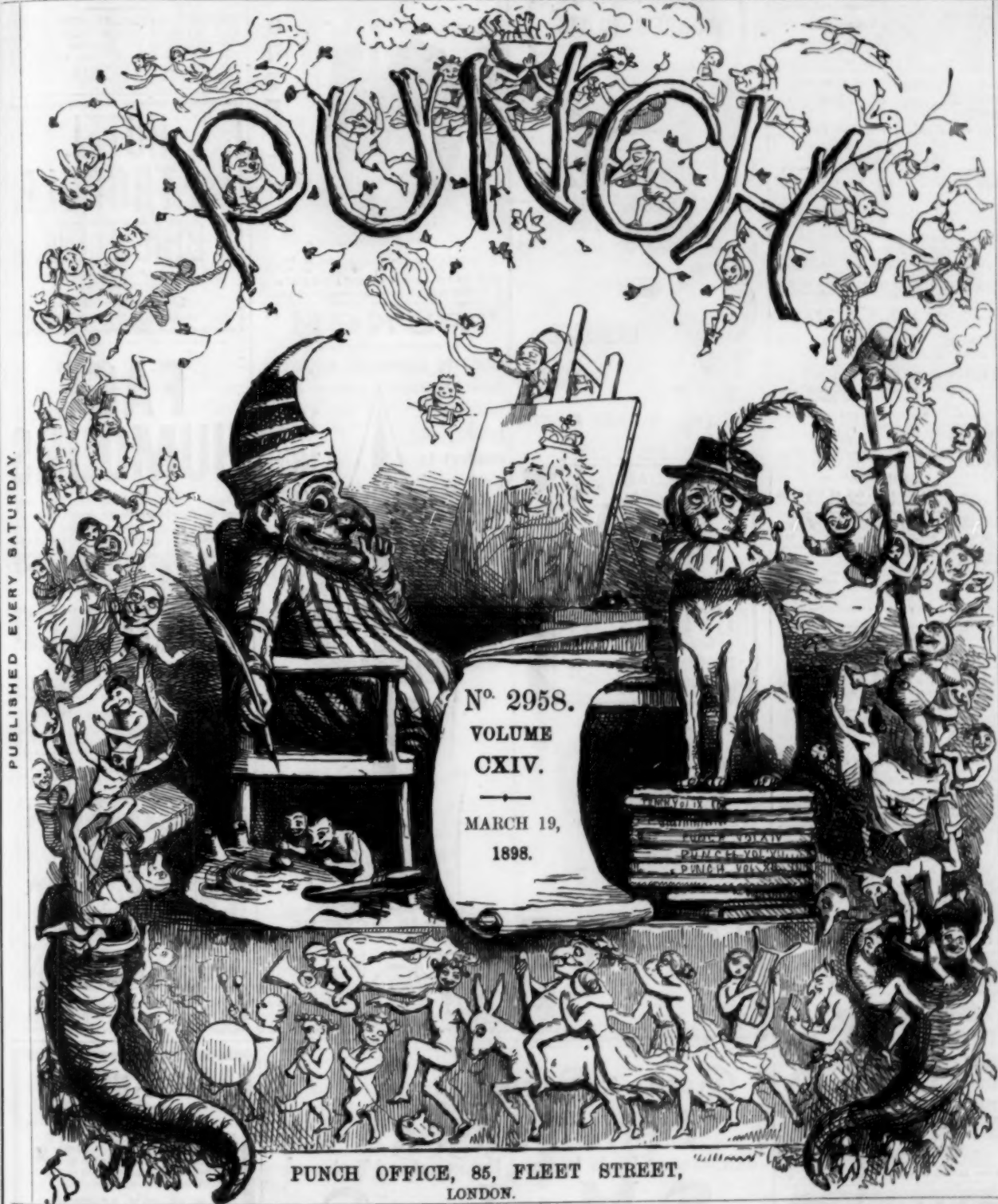


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HONOURED SIR,—In an age when the fairest meads and the most remote plantations, to say nothing of mountains, fishing-boats, bathing-machines, and ancient ruins, are adorned by startling placards testifying to the merits of Bolus's Pills or Salveau's Hairwash, it is not surprising that the enterprising advertiser should have conceived the Napoleonic idea of bringing his wares to the notice of the public by means of that noble quadruped the race-horse. Consequently, of late, we have seen upon our running grounds animals bearing appellations such as we are wont to associate with posters on the hoardings and the places where the names of railway-stations ought to be. The scheme is one of Mammoth Ingenuity. How I have laughed, when picturing the wrath of the Managing Editors of the great dailies, who, without receiving a sixpence for the publicity, cannot prevent their broadsheets from announcing that Mr. Jones's *Cureall Liniment* has won the Slippery Eel Stakes, or that Mr. Smith's *Fillagain Whiskey* ran second for the Chortler Handicap! Let me, however, tell these gentlemen that the System is as yet in its Puling Infancy. I can with my Mental Optics behold the day, when the leading Flyers of the Turf will be owned by our most Pushing Manufacturers, when Mr. SOMEBODY'S *Husker's Cocoa Nibs*, Mr. OTHERBODY'S *Humatra Coffee*, Mr. WHAT'S PINKER'S *Pills*, Mr. WHY'S *Brickdust Soap*, and Mr. WHEREFORE'S *Bicarbonated Milk* will be the leading favourites for all the Big Races of the Season—inclusive, of course, of the Derby. Meantime, let us skip to another Derby, the fair North-Midland Town, whence the railway authorities of St. Pancras issue their decrees, and the Cunning Provender Merchants Mammoth Rounds of Beef such as Sir SPENCER PONSORBY-FANE and his brother Old Stagers tackle yearly, during the Canterbury Week. Fired with the light which has burned from the days of SAPHO down to those of RUDYARD KIP-

LING, I present the following Prophetic Lines to you and yours:—

The *K. of K.'s* is hard to beat,  
The *Metal Hunter* may  
Force the *Great Conqueror* to retreat,  
The *Welshman* bring to bay!  
Of *Caroline the Cave* beware,  
And note the *Secret Stride*!  
Of *Hiems* have especial care;  
I'll couple her with *Pride*!

The ball is at your feet. Kick it through Fortune's goal, and, while blessing me with your ever-acceptable note of hand, believe that I am, as ever,

Your devoted drone, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—Look out at Lincoln for the *Saint*, the *Hebrew King*, and the *Curious Vessel*.

**COPY-STEALING NO ROBBERY.**

(A page from an Author's Diary.)

*Monday.*—Find that the proprietors of the *Twaddlers' Illustrated Magazine* owe me a trifle for a contribution. Look them up. Find them represented by a sharp gentleman, who explains that negotiations are in progress for an arrangement. No cash available at present, but "will I call again?" Adopt the suggestion.



"All rights reserved."

*Tuesday.*—Rather soon to call again, but, wanting the money, look in at the office of the *T. I. M.* Sharp gentleman still business-like. Arrangements in progress, soon to be completed. Suggest that I have a solicitor. Sharp gentleman not in the least disconcerted. Solicitor, he says, will tell me that it would be wise to wait. Glad to see me again whenever I like to call.

*Wednesday.*—Accept invitation promptly. Called again to-day. Sharp-looking gentleman still in attendance. Quite glad to see me. All things going smoothly. Rather annoyed at delay. Threaten to put proprietors into the Court of Bankruptcy. Gentleman explains that proprietors are a company, limited. Only effect of proceedings would be to destroy the copyright. Don't mind telling me that there is a prospect of the sale of the copyright. Won't I look in again?

*Thursday.*—Once more accepted the invitation. Here I am in the office of the *T. I. M.* Sharp-looking gentleman radiant. The copyright has been sold. So now all will be right. Every one with a claim should present it. Return from the office in excellent spirits.

*Friday.*—Once more to see the sharp-looking gentleman who represents the *T. I. M.* Present claim, which he says will be dealt with in due course. Will write to me.

*Saturday.*—Sharp-looking gentleman keeps his promise. I receive a letter from him telling me that the copyright of the *T. I. M.* was sold, but that my claim cannot be dealt with until the demands of the debenture-holders are satisfied. Appears that debentures have been issued to the full amount of the purchase-money. Nothing left for me! Must bid good-bye to my earnings!

*Sunday.*—Find, from a report of a meeting in to-day's paper, that an important body are promoting a Bill to give writers a lien upon the assets of a company in priority to the claims of debenture-holders. Bravo! But in the meantime, how am I to live? Think I shall try Monte Carlo. Less risky than writing on spec.



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*Britannia.* "TWENTY-THREE MILLIONS, SEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND!! A RECORD CHEQUE!"

*Mr. G.* "TRUE, MY DEAR MADAM; BUT WE LIVE IN RECORD TIMES!"

## LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

NO. IX.—TO MR. W. A. L. FLETCHER  
CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD; COACH OF THE  
CAMBRIDGE CREW.

MY DEAR SIR,—Those who know the spirit and the habits of Englishmen in general, and of *Mr. Punch* in particular, will not have been surprised to find your name at the head of this column. For *Mr. Punch*, representing in this matter the great body of his fellow-countrymen, has never failed to pay honour to one who is, in the best sense of the words, a good sportsman and a fine fellow. And he has always looked with an eye of peculiar kindness and admiration on the prowess of those gallant youngsters from Oxford and from Cambridge, who, braving the icy blasts of winter and the stormy waves of our great tidal river, strive for honour's sake alone to show which set of them, the dark-blued or the light-blued, can propel a racing eight the faster from Putney to Mortlake.

Of these you yourself have in the past been one. Once at stroke, once at No. 7, and twice at No. 6, has the broad expanse of your massive back swung past the judge's flag at Mortlake in winning Oxford crews. Strength, stamina, a perfect balance and control of all your limbs and sinews, an undisturbed serenity of mind, dauntless resolution, and, when the occasion called for it, unquenchable pluck—all these qualities were yours as an active rowing man. It was an inspiring sight at the end of a closely contested race, while some lay helpless and gasped in pale distress, to note your ruddy colour and your cheerful smile. So smiled and so flushed some mighty Viking emerging triumphant from a death-grapple with his foe, while the air resounded with the clash of steel and the shouts of contending men.

And now, the days of your labour at the oar being past, you, an Oxford man, have come to teach Cambridge men, once successful, but now fallen through eight successive defeats from their post of pride, how oars should be handled, boats propelled, and races won. It is no small task. For months and months a coach labours with his men. How anxious and unpleasing is the work of teaching and selection for an eight-oared crew, only those who have themselves endured it can fully know. First one man and then another falls short of the promise of his early efforts, and has to recede into forgetfulness uncheered by a blue coat. Accident or illness robs you of your best pupils, the boat you have ordered with care proves unsuitable, but through all these changes and chances he who is instructing must keep his temper, and smile and do his best. His crew looks to him as the Tenth Legion looked to CÆSAR for guidance and encouragement; and, whoever else may falter or fail, he at least must always keep a calm and unbroken front, and breathe the promise of victory. This is the common task of all coaches. But yours has been no common task. You are not a Cambridge man. To you the success of the Oxford crew has hitherto been a matter for delight. And yet you are now, as a Cambridge coach, doing what in you lies to ensure the triumph of Cambridge over your ancient associates. And this you do, not in the hope of gain, or even in the desire of glory, but impelled by that chivalrous feeling of honourable sportsmanship which has at all times, as I know, distinguished men



— *Jinks*. "I WANT TO BUY A DOG. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY CALL THE BREED, BUT IT IS SOMETHING THE SHAPE OF A GREYHOUND, WITH A SHORT, CURLY TAIL AND ROUGH HAIR. DO YOU KEEP DOGS LIKE THAT?" *Fancier*. "NO. I DROWNS 'EM!"

who wield an oar, and which, as much as anything else, has placed the contest of Oxford and Cambridge on the Thames high in the affection of our sport-loving people. To row or to race is in itself nothing. But to be a chieftain in a brotherhood of athletes who, for the mere love of sport and manly effort, have striven and battled and endured, who, unsullied by even the suspicion of fraud or meanness, have held aloft, as their most cherished possession, high traditions of honour bequeathed to them by their sires—this, Sir, is something, and for this you have the praise of *Mr. Punch*. All Cambridge men wish you well: it is the secret hope of not a few Oxford men that your efforts in helping

Cambridge to stem, if that be possible, the tide of Oxford victories, may be crowned with success. And for myself, Sir, I remain now, as always, your humble admirer. THE VAGRANT.

## A Political Forecast.

SCENE—A Bar in New York.

*First Politician (of the Tammany persuasion)*. I reckon there'll be more pleasant trips to Eu-ropo this year than ever.

*Second P.* How so?

*First P.* Ain't Congress just voted fifty million dollars for the defences of the country? (*Reflectively*.) Snakes! Wish I'd got a monitor or two on sale.





## OFF HIS GUARD.

*Farmer (just coming up).* "YOUNG GENTLEMAN RIDING YOUR BROWN HORSE, MY LORD, HAD NASTY ACCIDENT A FIELD OR TWO BACK. BARBED WIRE—VERY UGLY CUTS!"  
*My Lord.* "TUT—TUT—TUT! DEAR—DEAR—DEAR! NOT THE HORSE, I HOPE!"

## ALFRED'S ALFRED.

*Being a proleptic report of the Witenagemote (or meeting of wise men) convened for the 18th inst., to discuss a fitting form for the commemoration of the millenary of ALFRED THE GREAT'S demise; the LORD MAYOR presiding, supported by MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, etc.*

*The Chairman.* I call on MR. AUSTIN for a speech.  
*The Poet Laureate (rising).* My Lord and Athelings, Ealdormen and Thanes!

This is withal an unexpected pleasure!  
 Yet, when I think on it, you could not well  
 Have made a better choice, since I am he  
 Who did you *England's Darling* in a book.  
 I see before me certain men of mark  
 (And others) habited in decent black,  
 Mourning the disappearance of the late  
 ALFRED deceased, who, I regret to say,  
 Became a section of the dreadful past  
 Nine hundred seven and ninety years ago  
 Precisely. Add another three withal,  
 And lo! it makes four figures—does it not?

*A Voice.* It does.

*The P. L.* I see you follow me; 'tis well.  
 Now note, I freely grant that there are some  
 Who claim attention as belonging to  
 Even remoter ages than our friend's;  
 As, for example, ALCIBIADES,  
 CONFUCIUS, POMPEY, EUCLID, OBADIAH,  
 ADAM and BEDE. But none of all the lot  
 (Add I could name with ease a dozen more)  
 Has been so intimately mixed as he  
 With the incipient aspirations of  
 Our British Navy!

It is not my wish—  
 Nay, God forbid that I should underrate

The gifts of Mr. GOSCHEN, when I say  
 That, if BRITANNIA rules the present waves,  
 To ALFRED is the primal credit due.

*Lord Charles Beresford.* Hear! hear!

*The P. L.* I was, in fact, about to add,

Before his lordship made the above remark,  
 That it was ALFRED who designed the ships,  
 The long-oared wherries which at Swanage clave  
 The Danish esks. The esk, you ought to know,  
 Is not a quadruped with antlers, but  
 A boat. You have it in Act IV., Scene 2,  
 Of *England's Darling*. Yea! or rather, Aye!  
 (The Press will kindly spell it with an e,  
 Although, of course, it really hasn't one.)  
 Aye! more than that: he was an all-round man,  
 A scholar: knew a power of botany  
 (I taught him pages of it in the book,  
 Act III., Scene 4), and trained the young idea  
 In reading, writing and arithmetic,  
 Being, as one may say, the prototype  
 Of London's School Board.

[Pause.]

*Lord Reay.*

Heavens!

*The P. L.*

Aye! 'tis sooth!

Withal he rendered into Saxon jargon  
 The *Consolations* of BOETHIUS!  
 You may have read 'em? No?

*Sir John Lubbock.*

A glorious work!

One of the Hundred Pleasures of my Life;  
 God bless him!

*The P. L.*

Eke the same to you, Sir JOHN.

Likewise he started on his own account  
 The eight-hours movement.

*Mr. J. Burns.*

Good old ALFRED!

*The P. L.*

Contributed in leisure moments to

And

The *Chronicle*, before the NORMAN came  
And managed our affairs. He too it was  
Welded the bond of Church and State.

Lord Cranborne. Bravo!

The P. L. And, though a fighting patriot—

Mr. Bowles. Hear! Oh, hear!

The P. L. He granted territory to the Danes,  
A graceful and polite concession.

Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. Shame!

The P. L. Yon Thane will be so good as to withdraw  
His coarse ejaculation.

Sir E. A.-B. Never!

The P. L. Well,

Let us continue just the same withal.  
And to the point, how best to advertise  
The sense of our irreparable loss!  
Having regard to his (our Darling's) tact  
In naval architecture, there are some  
Would have us, at the nation's own expense,  
Build an unparalleled torpedo-boat,  
And call it ALFRED.

First Lord of the Admiralty. Ripping!

Mr. Labouchere. Not at all!

The P. L. Some, mindful of the monarch's pretty taste

For pure vernacular, would like to found  
Professorships of Saxon in the more  
Congested parts of Ireland.

Mr. Lecky. Very good.

The P. L. Myself in this connection had a thought,  
A passing thought, of some addition to  
The Laureate's endowment.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Tut! and pooh!

The P. L. I will ignore that callous observation.

Others, again, on insufficient grounds,  
Would institute an Alfred Handicap  
At Kempton Park.

Lord Rosebery. I wholly disapprove!

The P. L. And some, untutored in orthography,  
Or wanting to be funny, which is worse,  
Would have the London County Council ope  
An Alfred Millinery Depot in  
The Works Department.

Lord Onslow. Oh!

The P. L. And, last, the people,

Lovers of all things beautiful, desire  
Some adamant (or plaster) effigy—  
A hearth, with toasted cakes, and in the midst  
ALFRED, in pensive mood, belaboured by  
A British Matron: fit to be erected  
Upon a refuge in the narrowest  
Portion of Piccadilly.

Lord Roberts (of Kandahar and the Cabmen's Union). I object

The P. L. I cite no more proposals, though there be

More to be had; but merely make remark  
That fortune favours us in point of date.  
We do not menace France; nor mean to mar  
The genial *status quo* by clashing with  
Our neighbours' Universal Exposition.  
Nor need we hastily decide withal,  
Having three years in which to do the thing.  
Two we might spend in tentative debate,  
And—

[Left speaking.]

#### THE RETOET COURTEOUS.

Irate Old Lady. I tell you, your man was disgracefully drunk last night.

Proprietor of Livery Stables. Must be some mistake, Mum. Known the man for twenty years, very steady, sober man. Never had any complaint about him before.

I. O. L. But I tell you he was drunk. Do you think I don't know a drunken man when I see him?

P. L. S. Can't say, Mum. Man was quite sober, I assure you.

I. O. L. (getting more irate than ever). Then, do you mean to say that I'm a liar?

P. L. S. I never said so, Mum.

[Tableau.]

"GRABIES."—A form of acquisitive disease peculiar to the Russian Bear.



#### THE TEMPTRESS.

Dolly. "HERBERT, DO LET ME HAVE THAT SABLE COLLARETTE."

Herbert. "CAN'T POSSIBLY AFFORD IT, DEAR."

Dolly. "HERBERT, I'LL LISTEN TO YOUR COMEDY."

Herbert. —

Dolly. "HERBERT, I'LL LAUGH AT THE RIGHT PLACES!" [Gets it.]

#### ENGAGING A SERVANT.

(A Dialogue of the Day.)

Employer (courteously). I am in need of a servant.

Employed (with hauteur). Well, I have no objection to hearing what you have to say, as under certain favourable circumstances I might be induced to accept a situation.

Employer (politely). Can you cook?

Employed (abruptly). That is a detail. What are your terms?

Employer (promptly). From twenty to thirty pounds a year.

Employed (inquiringly). With, of course, everything found—well, that might do. And you would give me a couple of off-days for exercise?

Employer (with a smile). Might manage that, but pardon me, can you cook?

Employed (roughly). You will some day see, perhaps. Needn't bother about that now. Be kind enough to give me your character.

Employer (sweetly). I was about to ask you about yours.

Employed (contemptuously). Indeed! you are slightly premature! The name and address of your last cook. (The necessary information is furnished.) Thanks. After I have heard from her I will let you know whether you will suit. Thanks. That will do. Good morning. [Exeunt severally.]

STATISTICS.—It has been calculated that about seven thousand American poets have discovered that "Maine" rhymes with "Spain." Mr. Punch begs to remind many of the bards that it can also be used in apposition to "sane," and the reverse.



She. "BUT, GEORGE, SUPPOSE PAPA SETTLES MY DOWRY ON ME IN MY OWN RIGHT!"  
He. "WILL, MY DEAR GIRL, IT'S—ER—NOTHING TO ME IF HE DOES!"

#### A SEASONABLE COMPLAINT.

March 14, 1898.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are the friend of every one in general, and of the ladies in particular. Well, I have to ask you to be so kind as to request Jupiter Pluvius (I think that is the old gentleman's name) to be less erratic about his arrangements. I am a lady connected with the Press, and it is my duty in an illustrated paper to set the fashion in dress with a view to the variation of the seasons. In the exercise of my professional duties I now appear carrying an umbrella, now waving a torch, now huddled up in a heavy cloak. My customary costume is distinctly classical, and

I make alterations in it to suit "showery," "very fine," "cold," or "foggy." I have a considerable following who watch my garments with a view to copying my example.

And now for my grievance. The old gentleman who arranges matters with the clouds will insist upon "making hay"—he performs the operation without the help of the sun—of all my predictions. I come out clad in winter garments when we have summer heat, and appear in the thinnest robe when it is snowing! And as I have to go to press—you will know what that means—some half-dozen hours before my public appearance, I am continually looking ridiculous. And it is all the fault of Jupiter

Pluvius (mind you verify his name), who can't or won't make up his mind in time for proper publication. Pray make him behave like a reasonable creature. Dear Mr. Punch, you can make everybody do anything. Dear Mr. Punch, make him do this!

Believe me,  
Always yours affectionately,  
THE GIRL OF THE WEATHER.  
Office of the Daily Graph.

#### THE CONSUL'S RIDE.

["Mr. J. V. FABER, Danish Consul for Newcastle, had an exciting experience the other night, having travelled on the footboard of the express train from London to Peterborough."  
Daily Telegraph.]

Immortalised in Verse for the benefit of the Young Reciter.

He leapt upon the parting train  
As swift along it sped,  
And while he clung with might and main,  
Wished he were safe in bed.  
"The way was long, the wind was cold,"  
No overcoat he wore,  
And tho' he was extremely bold,  
He thought it was a bore.  
He signalled with his handkerchief,  
His handkerchief so white,  
But to his great dismay and grief,  
None saw his piteous plight.  
He rapped upon the window-pane  
With pocket-knife in hand,  
But all his efforts were in vain  
To make them understand.  
He tightly clasped the rails of brass  
Until his fingers froze.  
His gloves were very thin, alas!  
Which added to his woes.  
Thro' tunnels dark without a stop  
The train rushed in and out,  
And tho' he felt inclined to drop,  
He tried to raise a shout.  
The engine throbbed, the whirring wheels  
Sang as they lolled along;  
The door he hammered with his heels,  
But it was built too strong.  
Enveloped in thick clouds of smoke,  
Upon the step he sat,  
Disheartened, cold, and like to choke,  
When, goodness! what was that?  
The train begins to slacken speed,  
Thought he, "Now saved I am,  
Now comes the longed-for help I need,  
They've sent a telegram."  
But no, it was a sad mistake;  
The road was in repair,  
The driver had applied the brake,  
The train it stopped not there.  
"To jump or not to jump." The thought  
Into his mind did creep,  
But when at school he had been taught  
To "look before you leap."  
Again the train increased its pace,  
He crouched upon the car,  
'Twere better wind and smoke to face  
Than take a step too far.  
His watch he had no cause to doubt;  
"By all the Gods he swore,"  
'Tis seven, and I must hold out,  
Full twenty minutes more.  
"Ye Gentlemen of England" who  
Repose at home at ease,  
Pray what experience have you  
Of terrors such as these?

• • • • •

The engine ceased to belch out flame,  
The lights began to shine;  
And that was how the Consul came  
To Newcastle-on-Tyne.





“BULL-BAITING.”





*Indignant Cabbie.* "SHOCKIN' BAD 'ORSE, 'AVE I! AND WOT'S THIS HEXTRA TUPFENCE FOR!—TO BUY A NEW 'UN WITH, EH?"

## OUR BOYS.

(By a Father of Ten.)

### II.

HAVING determined what it is that a woman desiderates in her husband, I now proceed to consider the best means of producing these qualities—in other words, how we are best to fit our sons for the all-important duties of the husband and the father.

*Needlework.*—I rank this as the very foremost consideration. Every boy should be clever with his needle. There is nothing annoys a woman so much as to find her boots and gloves buttonless, and I have known more domestic unhappiness created, and more homes ruined from this than from any other cause. I do not say that all men should be expected to do fancy work—this is a matter of individual taste: but I do insist that it is the imperative duty of every father to see that his sons are good plain needlemen. A man who cannot make his wife's pyjamas and his baby's chemise has no right to expect to get married.

*Music.*—This is an indispensable accomplishment. When a woman takes her husband out in the evening, she naturally likes him to make a good appearance in the drawing-room. Every boy, therefore,—ear or no ear, voice or no voice,—should be taught to sing and play. A slight knowledge of music will be found invaluable when the babies wake up in the night. Nothing tries a wife's temper so severely as a lullaby sung out of tune.

*French* is a polite acquisition, and a wife always expects her husband to be able to translate a menu. Great care, however, must be exercised in selecting the books to be studied, for there is much in the literature that no woman would like to think that her husband had read.

*Athletics.*—On no point is the relation of the sexes so much misunderstood as in this connection. There is still quite a general belief that women prefer men who can cycle or play tennis with them, and many a poor boy have I known overtax his strength and ruin his constitution in a vain attempt to keep pace with his sisters and their friends. No doubt there are "gentlemen's women" who amuse themselves by taking boys for a cycle run, but they

don't like them in the marrying sense. I have often heard fathers say, "Dear JACK is getting on quite nicely with his bicycle! It will be so delightful for him when he is married, for he will be able to go with his wife on her cycling tours." I shake my head at these remarks, for, in all my experience, I have never known a wife take her husband touring a second time. When a woman rides, she does not want to wait for her husband at all the hills; she wants to go her own pace—to be free. Muscle was clearly intended to be her monopoly: let not man seek to meddle with it. As I said before, his place is *the Home*. There let him stay. He will be far happier darning the socks and making the strawberry jam than straining after his wife on the dusty high road, knowing that with every turn of the wheel he looks more and more hot, horrid, freckled, and uncomfortable.

These remarks of mine may seem, at first sight, simple and indeed, obvious; but I am convinced that they embody a great and important truth. If parents will carefully study them, they will talk less of the decay of marriage; they will have no difficulty in finding wives for their sons, whom they will live to see settled in happy homes, with bright, merry families growing up about them.

### Whither?

[“The Anti-Gambling League has resolved for the present to discontinue its attacks on bookmakers.”—*Weekly Paper*.]

Oh! where is the Anti-Gambling League,  
Oh! where, oh! where is its fun?  
Has it died at last of fatal fatigue  
Since the Hawke found the pigeon was Dunn?  
Gone to Paradise, p'raps, but there are folk who tell  
That still in this world is an A.-G. L.!

QUOTH an eminent literary man, in the hearing of 'ARRY, "All GEORGE MEREDITH's poetry might be republished under one title as 'Our Georgics.'"  
"Oo's 'Icks'?" asked 'ARRY.



### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Lords, Monday, March 7.*—That BOBS could fight the world has long known. That he could write it has lately learned. That he can speak, and speak in House

close to seat from which he had risen. But what with contemplation of two hundred thousand fighting-men on the North-West Frontier; what with admiration of ROBERT SANDEMAN in Baluchistan; what with pained reflection on some incidents of Lord RIFON's Viceroyalty; and what with the

ists are in Opposition, faced by Liberals with a majority the smaller the better. Then TOMLINSON's heroic figure swells with patriotic passion. At briefest notice he is good for an hour's talk; more if it be needed to hamper public business fallen for awhile into hands of men of Belial. With Conservative Ministry in, backed by overwhelming majority, TOMLINSON's occupation is gone. The voice of Preston that once through Westminster's halls the sound of discord raised, is now mute as Ireland's harp.

What TOMLINSON acutely feels is that whilst he, a loyal Ministerialist, must perforce remain silent when so much might be said, his colleague, ex-Private HANBURY, has not only got his stripes, but pay amounting to £1,500 a year. More precious still, he enjoys, as to-night, the privilege of occasionally standing at table and in Ministerial capacity making a speech.

Probably it was this crowning incident that wrought TOMLINSON beyond verge of endurance of his vow of silence. Howbeit he broke it. At commencement of sitting House seemed foredoomed to customary Tuesday count-out. But among notices of motion was one raising question of grievances of Government workmen. Workmen in Government employ and elsewhere have votes. Wouldn't do to ignore their claim to be heard. S. WOODS, in charge of motion, had little difficulty in engaging attendance of quorum. Confidently awaited his turn. There are more ways of killing a hen than wringing its neck. Business must needs close at midnight. If talk kept up on preliminary subjects, motion about workmen, inconvenient to a Government that doesn't like to say "No," and can't in this particular case say "Yes," might be shunted.

This was TOMLINSON's opportunity. With cunning of old Parliamentary hand, got himself immeshed in trawling-net dragged by Scotch Members along Moray Firth. Floundered with prodigious per-



Lord "Bobs" strays over the Scientific Frontier.

of Lords, is his latest contribution to the knowledge of mankind. This gilded Chamber is the sepulchre of speech. To-night BOBS broke its silence with pleasant, clear, well-modulated voice, heard without effort in remotest corners. Gestures few, but suited to the turn of sentence they emphasize. A splendid audience both on floor and in galleries. Commons fled hither from their own House, crowding their gallery, thronging the Bar.

"Privy Councillors are cheap to-day," said SARK, looking at the unprecedented muster before the steps of the Throne.

A sight and an occasion that would have unnerved some men of proved pluck. BOBS took it as quietly as if it were merely a sudden attack by Mongols in the Sapari Pass. Early in his place, which he selected on Front Cross Bench, at the remote end from that Prince of WALES frequents. Neither flustered nor forward, awaited the call. "Lord ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR," cried the LORD CHANCELLOR; and lo! BOBS was there.

Engrossing interest of speech varied by watching consternation of COLVILLE OF CULROSS in prospect of BOBS presently riding him down. Before the Front Cross Bench lies an open space bounded in front by the Table, at which the Clerks cluster: on the left, by the bench below Gangway. At corner seat of this bench sat Lord COLVILLE; a happy position, with the speaker of the evening in full view a couple of paces off. For first twenty minutes BOBS followed ordinary Parliamentary practice of sticking

spectacle of Russia, with elbows leaning on the Hindoo Kush, staring rudely at blushing India, BOBS' blood began to boil.

Commenced series of marching and counter-marching that seemed preliminary to a fresh start for KANDAHAR. After various reconnaissances and feints, the object of his march became apparent. He bore straight down on the Gangway, at corner whereof Lord COLVILLE sat. Arrived there, he faced about, his rear-guard pressing heavily on the enemy from Culross. COLVILLE, the gentlest-mannered peer of Parliament, became painfully conscious of his own legs. He *must* put them somewhere, and their most natural position seemed in front of him as he sat. But if he left them there, the steady rearward motion of the invading force would lead to unpleasant consequences. So, with a strategy that would have extorted admiration from the captor of Umbeyla had his back not been turned, COLVILLE slowly swung his limbs round till they were landed in safe quarters in the Gangway.

Thus BOBS, having dislodged the enemy, concluded at the corner seat below the Gangway the speech he had commenced by the Front Cross Bench.

*Business done.*—Lord ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR, championing the Forward Policy, gets considerably "forrader."

*House of Commons, Tuesday.*—Haven't seen much of late of the Turbulent TOMLINSON. For statesmen of his particular bent these be evil days. His time comes when good Constitutional-



Ex-Private Hanbury guarding the Treasury.

tinacity. Workmen's friends moved closure; defeated on a division; TOMLINSON tap turned on again; British workman washed clean out of House.

*Business done.*—Seven hours' miscellaneous talk leading nowhither.

*Thursday.*—This afternoon's papers flame

intelligence that Russia is going to spend nine and a half millions on building war-ships. This evening, standing at table of House of Commons, an elderly gentleman, decently dressed in black, who looks more like a City merchant than a sea-dog, quietly makes a few proposals with respect to British Navy involving an expenditure on the current year of twenty-five and a half millions.

"Colossal!" Lord High Admiral JOKIM calls it.

"Prodigious!" echoes Dominie Sampson U. KAY-SUTTLEWORTH from Front Bench opposite.

House representing British taxpayer made no particular bones about the business. If the money was wanted for safety and honour of the Empire, there it was, with plenty more where it came from. An epoch night in history of Nation and Navy. Never before in time of peace had such preparation for war been forward. As JOKIM mentioned, twenty-six years ago, standing at the very same place, then, as now, First Lord of the Admiralty, he had proposed Navy Estimates for the year. They footed up to nine and a half millions sterling, and were thought pretty high. To-day, they are twice and a half as much, an increase piled up on steadily growing expenditure during the last ten years.

Actual result is possession of a fleet more than equal to the strength of any probable combination of Foreign Powers. In a fine phrase, JOKIM hit off situation. In addition to the Channel Squadron, we have the Australian Squadron, the Indian Squadron, the Cape Squadron, and the China Squadron, always, in all circumstances, in full force, at their appointed posts. As for the wide water-ways of the Western Hemisphere, "we," said JOKIM, "have squadrons where other nations have isolated ships."

This is magnificent: if need be, it is war. Notable and admirable feature in night's proceedings was total absence of cock-crowling. Just plain business talk.

*Business done.*—Got into Committee on Navy Estimates.

Friday.—The Member for Sark still



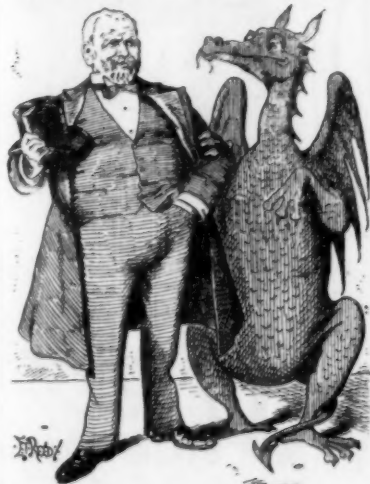
ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE "VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

*She.* "OH, HOW CHARMING! I JUST LOVE THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD! DON'T YOU, REGGIE?"

*He.* "AH, YES, OFFLY GOOD—WHAT'S HIS NAME!—UM—IRVING AT—ER—LYCEUM, AND—ER—" (with great effort of memory)—"ELLEN TERRY AS—AS NANCE OLDFIELD."

*She.* "YES; BUT I MEAN THE BOOK. YOU 'VE READ IT, HAVEN'T YOU?"

*He.* "NO; COULDN'T READ THE BOOK. I'M SO OFFLY BORED BY DICK'NS!"



The New Leader of the Welsh Party.  
(Mr. All-d Th-m-a.)

chuckling over telegram from Governor of Bombay, triumphantly read by GEORGE HAMILTON the other night, twenty-four

hours precedent to news that Bombay was in revolt, troops called out.

"In case of rumours of serious unrest among Mahommedans at Bombay," so the telegram ran, "they are untrue."

"In its terse literary style," says SARK, "it reminds me of a message I once received from a local shoemaker, who conceived the idea that a lady member of the household was unduly exigent in the matter of fit. 'Thanking you for parst favours,' wrote my shoemaker, on a crumpled sheet of paper smelling vilely of dubbin, 'I decline to do any more.'"

*Business done.*—Vote for Men in Navy Estimates carried.

The Dear Things.

*He.* You know JONES's wife, an old schoolfellow of yours; tell me, is she musical?

*She (her dearest friend).* I should say decidedly not, or she wouldn't be so fond of hearing the sound of her own voice.

TO OLD NILUS.

A "Labourer's Song," to be chaunted by Messrs. John Aird & Co. (from Beaumont and Fletcher, "The False One," Act III, Sc. 4).

"COME, let us help the reverend Nile,  
He's very old (alas! the while).  
Let us dig him easie wayes,  
And prepare a thousand Playes;  
This way let his curling Heads  
Fall into our new-made Beds,  
How he tumbles here amain!  
This way profit comes and gain!"

Very Racy.

*Q.* When a parent gives his son the "straight tip" about a race, what vegetable does he recall to one's mind?

*A.* Pa ('s)-snip, of course.

THE MOST CLOSELY-PACKED PART OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The Press Gallery.



## SAGACITY.

"ANYTHING WRONG WI' THE SOW, JOHNNIE?"  
 "NO. SHE ALWAYS SHAMS SICK O' FAIR DAYS!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ZOLA undesignedly, but not the less effectively, has savagely revenged himself for the cowardly indignities done to him by Paris. As the prison doors close behind him, he flings in the face of the city a book ruthlessly recording its baseness, political, financial, social. *Paris*, of which CHATTO AND WINDUS publish a remarkably cheap edition, is not a pleasant book. The only ray of sunlight struggling through the thick cloud of its sordidness is found in the old Legitimists, the *Comtesse de Quinac* and the *Marquis de Morigny*, seated in loving, hopeless companionship in the faded drawing-room. Even this is a watery beam, not sufficient to lighten the dank darkness. Beside them my Baronite reviews the multitudinous personages of the story, and finds none good, no, not one. Lust, avarice, robbery, blasphemy, murder, anarchy, and other nameless iniquities are, if ZOLA is to be trusted, integral and accustomed parts of the daily life of Paris. It is easy to imagine that the book would be even more terrible read in the native tongue. The translator has managed to invest it with a certain subtle flatness that tends to make its more stupendous passages a little comic. There is one defect that the printer's boy, carrying to and fro the proofs, might be expected to have delivered the reader from. When a French storyteller wants to inhale breath, he mechanically fills up the time by writing *Cependant*. That is well enough in French. Faithfully translated, and spattered about English sentences, it becomes finally irritating. To say that in the 488 pages of Mr. VIZETELLY's translation of *Paris* the intrinsically mean, practically useless, word "however" appears a thousand times, is a studiously moderate computation. THE BARON DE B.-W.

A QUESTION OF RECIPROCITY.—M. VIAND, a French chemist, proposes to impart iron tonics to vegetables. Is this a return for the strengthening qualities given by vegetables to *Viand(e)*?

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

*A Cavalier is reminded by the uprising of the Golden Crocus of the sums squandered by him in Love and Money on a false Mistress.*

Faintly, oh! so faintly, the Spring begins to wake;  
 She is at hand.

Faintly, oh! so faintly, the buds are fain to break  
 In Crocus Land.

Gently, oh! so gently, the grass is growing green  
 At her command.

Gently, oh! so gently, the long-lost What-has-been  
 Is changed in Crocus Land.

Sweetly, oh! so sweetly, the birds in concert sing,  
 And understand

Sweetly, oh! so sweetly, the joy of coming Spring  
 Throughout the land.

Strongly, oh! so strongly, the sap runs up the tree  
 By brave winds fanned.

Strongly, oh! so strongly, your face comes back to me  
 Unchanged in Crocus Land!

Sadly, oh! so sadly, I look upon the Past,  
 Once deodand;

Sadly, oh! so sadly, e'en though it did not last  
 In Crocus Land.

Humbly, oh! so humbly, the snowdrop rose to smile  
 All hand in hand;

Humbly, oh! so humbly, I, like them, drooped awhile  
 Abashed in Crocus Land.

Proudly, oh! so proudly, I made myself your slave,  
 Least of your band.

Proudly, oh! so proudly, you heard me madly rave  
 In Lost-Time Land.

Weakly, oh! so weakly, I pen these fragile lines,  
 Myself unmanned.

Dearly, oh! so dearly, I bought the yellow mines  
 That were in Crocus Land.

*You understand,  
 Gold raged in Crocus Land!*



Tommy (whose Father has promised to take him abroad when he grows up and gains a Scholarship). "WHEN I GROW BIG, MY FATHER IS GOING TO TAKE ME ROUND THE WORLD IN A SCHOLARSHIP!"



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 These delicious Liqueurs, which have come so much into public favour on account of their wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and all good Hotels and Restaurants throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignees, W. DOYLE, 38, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.



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 FIRST QUALITY CHAMPAGNE.



**"THE BOONS & BLESSINGS."**



MACNIVEN & CAMERON, Ltd., EDINBURGH.

**IN RE GÉRAUDEL v. CATARRH**  
 (Part heard).

\*\*\*\*\*

A Judge in the Court of Appeal Had a cough which annoyed a great deal.

Till an eminent friend Bought leave to amend His case and put in a pastille.



Judgment for GÉRAUDEL with costs.

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Let your lungs be filled with the vapour of Norwegian Pine Tar, which they give off whilst dissolving in the mouth. The efficacy of Pine Tar in all affections of the Throat and Lungs is well known, the best mode of applying it is by inhalation, and the mouth makes the best inhaler.

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Spring Suitings, Overcoatings and Trousers in the best makes.

Overcoats of every size and description always in stock.

LADIES.

Perfect Fitting Riding Habits. Special makes for Colonial Wear. With Nicoll's Patent Habit Skirt dragging is impossible.

Tailor-made Gowns, Coats, and Capes in original designs for Spring Wear.

High-class Boys' Clothing at very moderate prices.

## BITING EAST WINDS.

### VINOLIA

4d.



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4d.

### SOAP

(PREMIER).

FOR

DELICATE,

SENSITIVE,

IRRITABLE

SKINS.

### VINOLIA

6d.



6d.

6d.

### SHAVING

### SOAP

FOR SENSITIVE

FACES.

DOES NOT IRRITATE,

DRY,

OR "EAT INTO"

6d.

THE SKIN.

### HOOPING COUGH, CROUP.

ROOPE'S HERBAL EMBROUATION.

The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. Edwards & Son, 127, Queen Victoria Street, London. Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle. Paris—ROOPE & Co., 5, Rue de la Paix. New York—FOUNDA & Co., North William Street.

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